THE NATION

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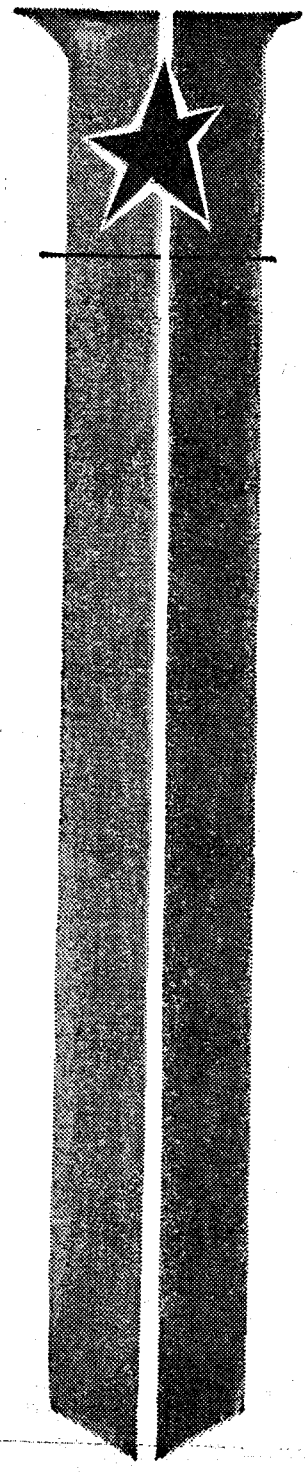

SPENDTHRIFTS FOR DEFENSE

Senator William Proxmire

USSR vs. the Common Market

Alexander Werth

Marilyn Monroe: 1926-1962

Lincoln Kirstein

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LETTERS

Mandate for Peace

Dear Sirs: The New Democratic Party in Canada is one year old this month. Born of the combined efforts of the CCF — Canada's farmer-based social democratic party, the Canadian Labour Congress, a large group of university professors and independent progressive citizens—the New Democratic Party is the first genuinely popular party of the democratic left on this continent. . . .

The Nation, which many Canadians consider the most serious U.S. journal, spoke of our party in two quite different articles in its most recent issue ("Doctors vs. the People" and "Peace Takes to the Hustings," July 28, 1962). . . . In the second of these Mary M. Grooms gently criticized the peace movement in Canada for its close identification with and support of the NDP. . . .

In the U.S. it is entirely salutary that the peace movement support candidates of either major party or independents as in the Hughes for Senate fight in Massachusetts. Members of Congress . . . vote with little regard for party lines and may introduce bills as they wish. And there is no important party in the U.S. that . . . has a sound peace and disarmament program.

Under our parliamentary system there is rather rigid party discipline. Deputies of a particular party vote en bloc. . . . In such a system, support of individual candidates would be of little purpose. To be effective the peace movement must try to influence the party. . . .

Before the recent national elections the Canadian peace movement made appeals . . . to all parties. The Conservatives were not listening. The Liberals were all things to all men — until Lester Pearson, their leader, came closer to announcing his willingness to accept American nuclear weapons than any responsible spokesman for any other important party. Only the New Democratic Party campaigned on an anti-nuclear platform and called for fullest support for the United Nations. While non-partisan, the Canadian peace movement could not be neutral. Everywhere its supporters worked for the local NDP candidate. . . . The better than one million votes received by the NDP — the largest vote ever received by a third party movement in our country — was also a vote for peace and against nuclear weapons. . . .

When Parliament reconvenes in September, the elected deputies of the NDP — true to their mandate — will speak out for Canadian initiatives toward disarmament and resist every tentative effort of the Conservatives or Liberals to bring nuclear weapons onto Canadian soil.

EDWARD N. SMITH
Quebec, P.Q.

Spartan Days

Dear Sirs: Hermine G. Basnight ("Summer Camps Revisited," July 28) should take heart; one can still find a few remnants of the old, uncomplicated camping days. Last week youngsters attending a day camp went hiking in the Malibu hills, each child armed with the well-remembered water canteen. Some kids drank too much water too fast, and vomited; others ate melted candy bars for strength. And the youthful counselor got lost on the way back. Everyone on the hike returned with blistered feet.

(MRS.) HAROLD FRY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Rightists and Fluoridation

Dear Sirs: I echo all the praise that has been given to Fred Cook for his article "The Ultras" [June 30th issue]. Why, however, Mr. Cook had to include anti-fluoridationists with the extreme Rightists I do not understand. I doubt that any opponent of fluoridation of community water-systems would fight for legislation to forbid the sale of fluoridated toothpaste, and fluoride tablets, the use of fluorides in dental treatment, or the addition of fluorides to water systems in private homes. Only attempts such as these would be comparable to the workings of the extreme Right, if comparison must be made. . . .

Leonia, N.J. ANTOINETTE BOLES

[*All extreme Rightists seem to oppose fluoridation, but no sensible person would argue that all who oppose fluoridation are Rightists.*—EDITORS.]

CORRECTION

With respect to statements made about Edward Hunter, Chairman of Anti-Communist Liaison, in "The Ultras" (June 30), we print the following corrections:

1. Mr. Hunter was not an investigator for the late Senator McCarthy, but appeared only as an "expert witness";

2. His testimony was given before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, not before HUAC;

3. He testified prior to the release of Senator Fulbright's memorandum on collaboration between the Military and the Radical Right.

Mr. Hunter states that he was not the father of "anti-anti Communism," and that he did not fire the first barrage of the "anti-anti-Communist" forces last summer.—Ed.

The Hughes Test

Dear Sirs: In an unprecedented sweep, Harvard history professor, H. Stuart Hughes, has obtained a place on the November ballot for his independent candidacy for the United States Senate seat from Massachusetts. The routine politicians said that it was impossible to raise the required 72,514 validated signatures — we filed over 118,000. . . .

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Saying Nothing, Coast to Coast

After prayerful study of the economic indicators and agonized appraisal of the conflicting counsels of his economic advisers, the President pre-empted half an hour on all the radio-TV networks and delivered some 5,000 words saying practically nothing. The electorate could have received almost as much information from the shooting affrays and blues singers the Chief Executive displaced from their accustomed spots. Viewers who stayed with him to the end must have had a strong sense of civic obligation.

The President told the audience what it already knew — that there would be no fiscal action on the impending recession this year. Everyone knew, also, that this was only partly a Presidential decision, that the real yea and nay sayers in this field were the all-powerful chairmen of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, Wilbur Mills and Harry F. Byrd. And they were saying nay.

This negative decision, in which he played only a recommendatory role, the President coupled with an equally hollow promise. He assured the citizens that there would be the right kind of tax cut at the right time — one calculated "to build the fundamental strength of our economy; to remove a serious barrier to long-term growth; to increase incentive by rooting out inequities and complexities, and to prevent the even greater budget deficit that a lagging economy would otherwise surely produce." All these blessings are to be incarnated by a Congress not yet elected, and over which Mr. Kennedy may have an even less hypnotic influence than over the present one.

The rest of the speech was mainly soothing syrup and political jockeying. On the important, basic issues Mr. Kennedy was silent. Three days before he spoke to the nation he had signed a bill appropriating $48,136,000,000 for the armed forces, the largest single amount ever handed over to the swollen military establishment in peacetime. Everyone wants a tax cut, no one wants a still larger budget deficit. One would never know, from anything Mr. Kennedy said, that these desires are contradictory largely because astronomical amounts are channeled to the services each year, as a matter of course and with little examination by the Congress as a whole. The $48 billion was, of course, not the total. As the President was signing that bill, the House Appropriations Committee was approving another, this one appropriating $1,369,741,000 for military construction in the current fiscal year. Everything Mr. Kennedy requested was approved except some housing for military personnel overseas, twenty-four additional tennis courts for West Point, a swimming pool for the Navy base at Sigeonnel, Italy, and gymnasiums at four military bases.

In his article in this issue of *The Nation* ("Spendthrifts for Defense," page 63), Senator William Proxmire says, "My own experience in the Senate has shown me the painful inability of our democracy to resist the momentum of excessive spending and waste that ac-

THE NATION'S SCHEDULE

With this issue, *The Nation* returns to its regular weekly schedule.

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companies our vast military establishment." President Eisenhower at least tried to resist; President Kennedy does not even try. He seems to welcome ever-mounting military spending as a club to use in diplomatic altercations with the Soviets. All it does is make the Soviets spend more in their turn. If, by some improbable conversion, the President were to apply the sense he was born with to this situation, and were to explain it to the people, it would be worth half an hour of network time, and the audience would not be going to the kitchen for a beer after the first ten minutes.

The Wrong Way to the Moon

The discrepancy between the number of earth orbits the Russian astronauts have achieved (64 for Major Nikolayev and 48 for Lieut. Col. Popovich) and our measly three is by no means an indication of relative standing in the race to the moon. Orbital flight, regardless of mileage, is not moon flight by a long shot. Once in orbit, the astronaut's stay is limited, aside from his endurance, only by his life-support system (oxygen supply, disposal of carbon dioxide, etc.) and conservation of enough fuel for re-entry control. He does not need propulsion; that is all supplied for him during the few minutes of ascent. From then on he is falling, but because of his speed he falls elliptically around the earth instead of radially (straight down). He can keep this up as long as he has oxygen to breathe and enough to eat and drink. The problem is not so much to stay up as to get down.

The Russians started ahead in propulsion power to get large vehicles into orbit, and they remain ahead. But both sides have a long way to go, and it is as perilous as it is long. From booster rockets with a thrust of about 1.25 million pounds the Russians must leap to at least 7.5 million pounds. Our leap is perhaps four times as great, but not four times as difficult.

There are other considerations. Even rockets with thrusts of the order of 7.5 million pounds can place a man on the moon only by employing a rendezvous-and-coupling technique which was worked out in the 1920s, but which in the execution involves a multitude of hair-raising engineering problems. These NASA is trying to solve with all possible diligence and it is bringing impressive engineering acumen to the task; its chances appear to be as good as those of the Soviets. The valid criticism of NASA (and equally of its Soviet equivalent) is rather to be laid at the doors of their respective governments. These are engaged in what former President Eisenhower recently assailed as "a mad effort to win a stunt race" — the aerospace front of the cold war. General Eisenhower's objection was primarily monetary. But that is the least of it. The fact is that, in their hurry, the two superpowers are going to kill their astronauts — unnecessarily. One expects some fatalities in an enterprise of this magnitude and novelty, but when the emphasis is on speed and getting the jump on the competition, the engineers and fliers are under irresistible pressure to take excessive chances.

The men will be got to the moon, sure enough, but the first ones to arrive will have a very slim chance of seeing home again. Either they will stay on the surface of the moon or be lost in the effort to rendezvous with the return vehicle; or they will burn up in the 25,000-mile-per-hour re-entry, which must be calculated to a hair if it is to be successful.

They will be a human sacrifice to the vanity of governments. Their salvation lies in cooperation between the scientists and engineers of both countries (and countries other than the belligerents) and a more deliberate pace. This is not as farfetched as it sounds. In late September, the International Astronautical Federation, of which the American Rocket Society is a member, is holding its 13th International Astronautical Congress in Varna, Bulgaria. The papers are being delivered by Americans, Russians, Japanese, Bulgarians and engineers of many other countries. The more sanity prevails, the better the outlook for the men who are to be hurled into space.

Cloture

The effort of a handful of liberal Senators, led by Wayne Morse, to filibuster the communications satellite bill to death in the current session of Congress has failed. After thirty-five years of unbridled debate, the Senate invoked cloture by a vote of 63 to 27. The bill was and is a bad one, and only those who make a fetish of private enterprise will rejoice. For the losers, there is the consolation of Milton's lines: "That strife was not inglorious/Though the event was dire." Nor was the strife useless. Millions of Americans who would never have heard of the communications satellite measure now know something of its terms; the odium of "giveaway" will stick to it as long as it remains on the statute books; it will be administered with due caution by both the private beneficiaries and government officials, and it will be harder to do the same thing next time. There will be a next time and more than one, for with government research at a $12-billion annual level the temptation to feed at the public trough will not grow less.

Much has been made of the supposed inconsistency of the liberals who tried to talk the bill to defeat. They are the very men who object when Southerners filibuster against civil rights; therefore, the argument runs, they should have said their say and sat down. But there is no inconsistency between objecting to a legislative procedure in principle and employing that procedure for ends in which one believes as long as it remains in force. The question here at issue is not cloture, but the giveaway of public property; any Senator who feels

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strongly enough about what he legally regards as a public wrong is entitled to do what he legally can to thwart those who are perpetrating it. That was what the liberals did. The Senate had an equal right to stop them by a two-thirds majority, and it did that. The giveaway supporters could not win in any other way.

Some hopeful observers suggest that it may be easier to pass civil rights legislation after this assertion of the Senate's right to limit debate. That is unlikely. The senior Southern members of the Senate will stand against the emancipation of the Negro to the end of time and most of them voted against cloture, calculating quite accurately that there were enough Republicans and a variety of Democrats to carry the motion.

General Taylor's Uncertain Trumpet

Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor is a brave and scholarly soldier, but when he is up for confirmation before a Senate committee he does not charge into the cannon's mouth. After resigning as Army Chief of Staff in frustration over his failure to curb cutbacks in Army strength, General Taylor wrote a book titled *The Uncertain Trumpet*. It is almost fatal for a man to write a book if there is any prospect that he will appear before a group of inquisitors, whether it be a Senate committee or "Meet the Press," but in 1959 General Taylor thought he was through with public affairs. Whatever the merits and demerits of the book, it seemed to say clearly that the policy of "massive retaliation" was unrealistic, if not downright suicidal. While not advocating nuclear disarmament General Taylor was revealed in the familiar role of an advocate of preparedness for limited hostilities, i.e., his views were those to be expected of an Army general.

But when President Kennedy appointed General Taylor chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the General's views in the area of massive retaliation hardened considerably. "I am known," he assured the Armed Services Committee, "to be an advocate of a powerful nuclear strategic force and of tactical atomic weapons to support ground operations." And: "In my judgment, if an attack on West Europe comes, we must use whatever weapons and forces are necessary to defeat it." Between 1959 and 1962 the Air Force, with the acquiescence of Secretary McNamara, had evolved the counterforce doctrine, an updated version of massive retaliation and perhaps leaning more toward pre-emptive war. C. L. Sulzberger commented in *The New York Times* (August 13) that "Taylor . . . has managed to adjust his concepts to complete endorsement of the McNamara theory." Now everyone was happy with General Taylor's views since, on the record, he was willing to fight anywhere, any time, with anything. But it would seem that when he puts the martial instrument to his lips, his pitch may be as uncertain as that of other buglers.

SPENDTHRIFTS for DEFENSE . . *William Proxmire*

IT IS a grim fact of life in today's troubled world that America must rely heavily on military strength to maintain peace. Effective, multilateral, arms reduction undoubtedly represents the fervent hope of all peoples. But without United States armed power as the solid basis for negotiation, it will be impossible to achieve.

Peace with freedom is our objective. Our military force is a means to help achieve that objective. Nothing more.

There is an immense potential danger, however, in our reliance on military power, the danger which former President Eisenhower, a lifelong soldier, warned against when he said in his farewell speech to the nation:

> In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together.

My own experience in the Senate has shown me the painful inability of our democracy to resist the momentum of excessive spending and waste that accompanies our vast military establishment.

ON AUGUST 3, 1961, the U.S. Senate voted, 87-4, to buy a hundred additional B-52 and B-58 manned bombers at a cost of $525 million. This resounding mandate for bombers was passed in spite of the fact that:

1. President Kennedy had not requested these bombers in his $47 billion defense budget.

2. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had testified before the Armed Services and Appropriations Committee of both Houses of Congress that procurement of the additional bombers was not necessary for the national defense.

3. The Defense Department officials responsible for strategy, re-

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WILLIAM PROXMIRE is United States Senator from Wisconsin. He is a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

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search and development, and procurement, all testified against buying these planes.

4. In a strongly worded letter to me sent the day before the Senate vote, Secretary McNamara wrote:

> I repeat my previously stated opinion that it is not necessary for the Congress to appropriate funds in fiscal year 1962 above Administration requests for B-52 and B-58 bombers. Inherent in this is my belief that the production of B-52s and B-58s is already adequately protected for the period of time involved in our further study of the bomber concept.

Only three Senators joined me in voting for my amendment, which would have eliminated this appropriation. In the Senate debate, we had made an overwhelming case against spending more than half a billion dollars in this way. Yet some 95 per cent of the Senators voting that day rejected the logic of the case, rejected the advice of the President, the Secretary of Defense and his aides, and voted to appropriate the funds. This was more money than was spent in that year by the federal government for medical research; more than was spent for all federal housing programs; more than the budgets allocated to the U.S. Forest Service, the National Park Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service combined.

This episode is worth noting because it is a classic example of providing money in the name of defense which is not based on a solid analysis of our military requirements. It is a symptom of a growing tendency to use defense to justify federal spending that's not really needed for military purposes.

AS A rationalization for federal expenditure, national defense has few peers. Programs that wouldn't get a second look from Congress flit through if they are attached to an armed forces appropriation. Yet substantial portions of our military budgets do not provide the kind of specific military strength that is needed.

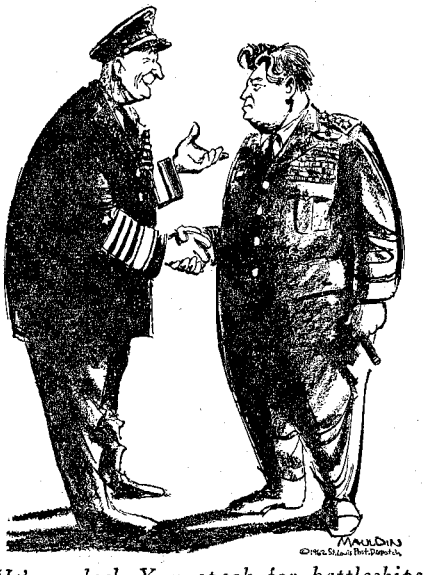
These extra expenditures often are excused on the grounds that they "strengthen the economy." Undoubtedly they serve to keep assembly lines going and plants running, but whether the production of millions or billions of dollars' worth of unneeded hardware can be described as useful employment of human and natural resources is doubtful.

Defense spending not related to military needs also wins support for other reasons. An influential Congressman, a member of the key Appropriations Committee, put it this way in a recent public statement:

> I am convinced defense is only one of the factors that enter into our determination for defense spending. The others are pump priming, spreading the immediate benefits of defense spending, taking care of all services, giving all defense contractors a fair share, spreading the military bases to include all sections, etc. There is no state in the Union and hardly a district in a state which doesn't have defense spending, contracting or a defense establishment. We see the effect in public and Congressional insistence on continuing contracts, or operating military bases, though the need has expired.

I reject these excuses for military spending, not just because they result in a massive unnecessary expenditure of tax funds, but also because I believe that the prime purpose of our military and defense capability should be to make possible meaningful negotiations aimed at securing peace and protecting freedom.

"We arm to parley," said Sir Winston Churchill, and President Kennedy has echoed his words. I do not believe that the present conflict of the interests of the United States and the Soviet bloc in many corners of the world permits any substantial reduction in our military capabilities. Many individuals whom I respect do believe that steps towards disarmament, perhaps unilateral steps, would be useful gestures towards thawing the cold-war climate. I believe, however, that Soviet intransigence, particularly in the difficult Berlin situation, requires the United States to maintain its strength. Only in this way will our negotiators be able to command the respect at the conference table that is essential if effective agreements are to be achieved.



"It's a deal. You speak for battleships and I'll back the RS-70."

UNFORTUNATELY, vast portions of our military expenditure are not based on a sober analysis of the military strength needed to deter Soviet ambitions and to facilitate constructive negotiations. Indeed, most of the lobbying that goes on in favor of increased defense spending bears little relation to our nation's actual hard defense needs. And the lobbying is substantial — often open, sometimes more subtle. It feeds on the "anything goes for defense" attitude that transforms otherwise fiscally responsible members of the House and Senate into open-fisted spendthrifts.

The paradox is that this attitude may be resulting in a weaker defense as well as swollen defense budgets. The heaviest lobbying pressure — and the most potent with Congress—is to hold on to old weapons, keep old assembly lines going and maintain old jobs. In an age when spectacular changes in military technology are routine, such an attitude is dangerous in the extreme.

The most important defense "lobby" is so obvious it is often overlooked since it consists of members of Congress, both Senators and Representatives. In an understandable zeal to aid industry and workers in home states and districts, many Congressmen in effect act as highly potent lobbyists for military spending.

As a Senator, I feel that an appeal from a firm in my state asking for help in getting a defense contract merits my support. Indeed, it is hardly fair to the economic well-

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being of an area for its legislative representatives not to work to channel defense expenditures to it, since other Congressmen from other states are doing their level best to attract those funds.

An able Congressman from West Virginia, liberal Democrat Ken Hechler, in June of 1959 put it this way in a speech in the House:

> I am firmly against the kind of logrolling which would subject our defense program to narrowly sectional or selfish pulling and hauling. But I am getting pretty hot under the collar about the way my State of West Virginia is shortchanged in Army, Navy and Air Force installations. I am going to stand up on my hind legs and roar until West Virginia gets the fair treatment she deserves.

As long as a large military budget is a fact of life in our country, I must agree with Congressman Hechler's contention that due attention should be paid to achieving a reasonable distribution of defense procurement around the country. It would be foolish to overlook the economic impact of defense spending, which can help promote economic growth and employment in areas suffering from severe depression or recession.

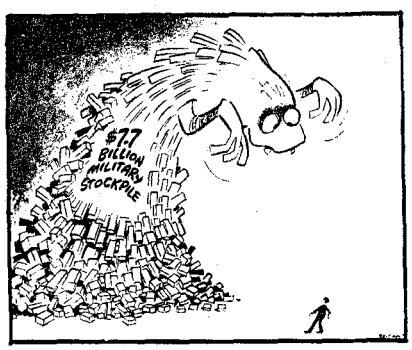
But the important point is that this should not be permitted to lap over into the realm where decisions on what is needed to assure adequate military capability are made. It is one thing to use common sense and good judgment in deciding where certain items should be manufactured, taking account of costs, unemployment, strategic dispersal, transportation and so forth. But it is quite a different thing to let non-military factors influence the choice of weapons, and with it the type of military defense and the size of the defense budget to which our nation is committed.

Testifying before a House subcommittee a few years ago, an officer of a major defense contractor said:

> Many of the most important decisions in the defense of our country are not made by military technicians. They are made in the Congress of the United States.

I do not think this statement is accurate. But it is obvious that many Congressmen act as if it were true. The case of the Nike-Zeus "anti-missile-missile" is a good illustration.

The first successful proof test of this weapon took place in July, 1962. A Nike-Zeus rocket fired from a Pacific island intercepted a rocket that had been fired from another island, scoring the United States equivalent to Khrushchev's boast that Soviet rockets could hit a fly in outer space. The Defense Department indicated there had been a previous unsuccessful attempt to test



Bastien: San Francisco Chronicle

this device. The restraint of the public announcement made it clear that there is a long way to go before the Nike-Zeus can be counted on reliably to perform its allotted task of meeting and destroying incoming enemy nuclear missiles.

Yet as long ago as February, 1961 — just after President Kennedy took office — a number of Congressmen rose to sing the praises of the Nike-Zeus system, urging that a $410 million production commitment be made at once. The speeches occurred after an article appeared in the magazine *Army* with a map showing how much of the $410 million would be spent in each of thirty-seven states. Each of the Congressional Nike-Zeus enthusiasts represented one of those states.

More recently, a member of the House Appropriations Committee wearied Pentagon witnesses by his repeated requests that the Defense Department see what could be done to utilize a costly but obsolete item manufactured in his home district.

The debate on the B-70 bomber (renamed the RS-70, for "reconnaissance strike") this year resulted in Congress' adding a generous ladle of funds for further development and procurement of this controversial plane desired by the Air Force. In the months leading up to that conclusion, dozens of Congressmen expounded on the virtues of the RS-70.

Certainly there is nothing sinister about these kinds of public statements and inquiries. Each of the Senators and Congressmen unquestionably has a right to tout the virtues of products of his state or district. However, the total effect of the utterances is, at best, misleading. It can be more serious than that if it sways the judgment of the military decision-makers. These public enthusiasms for specific kinds of military hardware are not based on an informed evaluation of our defense needs — though garbed in language which makes them appear that way — but rather on the benefits they confer on a particular region or industry or branch of the armed forces.

They also have the effect of encouraging the "anything goes for defense" attitude which makes fiscal responsibility in other aspects of federal policy appear so futile. The competition for contract awards is certainly easier for everyone when there is a larger pie to dish out. The argument is made that we should err on the side of caution. More, it is said, is better than war. The authoritative *Congressional Quarterly* has reported that Members of Congress went so far as to telephone President Eisenhower to tell him they were voting for higher defense appropriations in response to local pressures generated by the Pentagon.

IN A colloquy with me in the Senate recently, Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee and a member of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, made the following remarkable statement:

> There is something about preparing for destruction that causes men to be more careless in spending money than they would be if they were building for constructive purposes. Why that is, I do not know; but I have observed, over a period of almost thirty years in the Senate, that there is something about buying arms with which to kill, to destroy, to

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wipe out cities, and to obliterate great transportation systems which causes men not to reckon the dollar cost as closely as they do when they think about proper housing and the care of the health of human beings.

The kind of waste that troubles me is what results from the effort to perpetuate the production of items that are not needed to maintain our military strength. It is this that is so profoundly wrong.

I am confident that Secretary McNamara fully shares my view on this. With great dedication and skill he has pursued a course of deciding on the basis of evidence and logic what military capability is needed, then setting out to procure just that amount of strength in the most efficient possible way.

He is apparently unmoved by the appeals of industry, Congressmen or the service branches that he give special consideration to pet projects. In his determination to continue this policy he deserves full support. In addition, he has undertaken a comprehensive cost-reduction program which in five years is expected to cut Defense Department spending by $3 billion per year.

In fact, due to Secretary McNamara's determination, there is a happy ending to the $525 million manned-bomber procurement that the Senate voted last August. When this year's appropriation was up, the Secretary reported that he had not spent the money and that, accordingly, the Air Force budget request was reduced by that amount.

TEACHING MACHINES . . *by Lawrence M. Stolurow*

THE BRAIN—an intricate three-pound mass, the product of a billion or more years of evolution—has transformed the world and discovered the power to destroy it. No one can say that these were trivial accomplishments, yet by comparison with the problem faced by the brain in understanding itself, they are as the amoeba to an elephant.

The history of modern science demonstrates that an empirical approach pays off in new knowledge. An important twentieth-century discovery was the realization that a science of behavior was possible, and that it could develop separately from neurophysiology in much the same way that chemistry developed separately from physics. Teaching machines and the instructional programs accompanying them are as inevitable a product of scientific development as the automobile and atomic reactor. The issue is not whether or not teaching machines work; that has been already clearly demonstrated (see *Teaching by Machine,* U. S. Government Printing Office). The question is: "How can we use them to understand the brain?" Like any tool, scientific or other, they can be used properly and for desirable ends, or they can be used improperly and for undesirable ends. Let there be no confusion, however, between the concept and any specific product designed to execute that concept. The product is a highly variable commodity—witness both happy and sad experiences with cars, washing machines and lawn mowers. This article is concerned only with the concept and some of the science involved in this new teaching method.

What is a teaching machine? Not every piece of hardware found in the classroom, no matter the claims made for it, is a teaching machine. Educational aids and devices have been with us a long time, but the machine is new. Its essential ingredient is an automatic self-controlling mechanism that works on the "feedback" principle of the thermostat, which reacts to, as well as controls, the temperature of a room.

The teaching machine, then, puts the feedback principle into the educational process. It operates on the tutorial system—the best and simplest way to teach. The tutorial system has three basic parts: the student, the program of instruction and the tutor. In this instance, the machine simply substitutes for the tutor.

The system works like this. The student looks at the program (a printed sheet, TV screen or rear-view projection screen) and reacts to it. He makes his reaction known to a machine (via push buttons or a writing surface) and the machine does something to the next item on the program. Then the student reacts to this item, again using the machine, and his reaction, in turn, determines what the machine will do next. So the process goes. Conventional classroom instruction of groups—whether or not it includes the use of educational television, films and the like—fails to provide teacher reaction to the responses of the individual student. In fact, no provision is made in conventional teaching to take the student's responses into account until a test is given—and then, of course, it is too late.

FEEDBACK has two important educational functions. The first is to tell the student whether he is right or wrong. Psychologists call this "reinforcement," and it can be accomplished in different ways—by the use of a red or green light, the printing of "right" and "wrong" on the program, etc. The second function is to supply information feedback relating to what is being taught. The information can be corrective or "enriching," i.e., it can add to the knowledge of the student.

Related to the information feedback function is the machine's potentiality for recording and collating each response of the student to every step of the program. While all teaching machines do not do this, they could and should if we are to secure the basic data needed to evaluate and improve the program they contain. Here is where an important

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departure from pedagogical tradition occurs. If the student makes too many errors at any point in a program, it is the program, not the student, that is held to blame. The program is thrown out or sent back to the drawing board. While every student can't learn every subject no matter if Socrates himself were the teacher, it is nevertheless important to take the position that teaching ought to be revised, if it doesn't work, before we give up on the student. The fact is that we do not know how far we can go in teaching. Curriculum-revision projects are currently in vogue; typically, they aim —usually with success—to apply college-level concepts to grammar and high school students. Experimenters are finding that the young learner is capable of mastering many concepts we have traditionally refrained from teaching him. What is the capacity of a brain with an IQ 50, 100, 150? No one really knows, but with teaching machines and basic research on instructional programing, we might find out.

Why will the teaching machine help here? The answer is that teaching machines constitute a scientific laboratory for educational problems, providing the controls needed for truly basic research. Furthermore, if properly used, teaching machines could provide the answer to an even more important (and logically prior) question than the one of capacity. We first need to know how to *feed* the brain, i.e., how we should best organize the information that we want to put into it through receptors like the eye and ear. That this is a prior question than that of capacity should be clear, for much more can be put into a brain if it is inserted in the right way.

THE HEART of a teaching machine is its program. No matter how well the machine is built, the results produced are determined, in the final analysis, by the program.

It is hard to state just what a program is. One answer is that it is a substitute for a textbook — one with a distinctive prose style and a logic of organization all its own. The logic of organization is determined by both psychological and content considerations, for a program embodies what we know (or think we know) about the learner as well as what we know (and want to teach) about a subject matter.

In the final analysis, the students write the program. Usually a psychologist and a subject-matter specialist team together to start the process and develop the first draft. After that, the student's reactions determine what is to be done, and the tailoring job really begins. Writing a program is much more difficult than writing a textbook; the properly written one is like the third or fourth edition of a text, since student reaction has been used to revise and extend the original. Here we see feedback at work at another level: the student's errors are fed back to the writers, who use them to rewrite.

Once the objectives of the program are determined, half the job is done. Program objectives are very specific: they are "behaviors"—technically called "terminal behaviors"—which will be demonstrated by the student. The first things that go into a program, then, are these objectives.

Once the terminal behaviors are decided upon, the next step is to determine the strategy to use in getting the student from his present state to the point where he can perform each of these "behaviors" in the presence of minimal cues. Today this is the problem that is under most intensive study.

Besides its fabric, which includes terminal steps, a "self-instructional program" has pattern and style. The pattern is the organization of the content and consists of an articulated sequence of steps. Each step, though not a question in the formal sense, requires a response from the student, either in the form of filling out a blank space or in making a choice of alternatives. Leading toward each terminal step, a program provides one or more transitional steps designed to get the learner to the point where he is ready to make the terminal response. For example, in teaching long division, steps which teach multiplication and subtraction are transitional steps.

Two styles predominate in current programing. The following, in which the student is required to supply a missing word, illustrates the *linear* style (note that the word to be supplied in each paragraph, or "frame," is printed in capitals in the "frame" immediately following):

> Conversational chaining is a special type of linear programing developed by John Barlow. Of the two basic forms of response it uses constructed response rather than selection ————.
>
> In it the RESPONSE that is correct for the immediately preceding frame is printed in ———— letters in the next frame.
>
> CAPITAL letters are used to make it easy for the student to identify the ———— response and to provide reinforcement.
>
> The CORRECT response need not be made, however, in order to have the student go on to the next step since this type of programing is linear ————.
>
> PROGRAMING which is not the linear type is called the branch ———— of programing.
>
> In ———— TYPE programing it is necessary for the student to make the ———— response before he goes on to the next item. If he errs, the next frame attempts to correct the student before allowing him to go to the next item.

The *branch* style usually uses the multiple-choice form, offering two or more choices. Each choice is associated with an "address" to which the student, after he has elected a choice, can turn to see if he is right or wrong and to obtain additional information. The new "address" also presents him with another step to which he responds and which routes him to still another "address."

Both linear and branch styles can be developed for use in either book format or in a machine.

THOUSANDS of people are presently involved in programing—a very large number from some points of view, but not from the point of view of the educator. One must consider all the courses now being taught, not only in public schools and colleges (undergraduate, graduate, and professional) but also in industry and government to meet a multitude of specialized needs. Furthermore, programing is a slow process; an hour's instruction may take twenty-five hours to prepare. Add the foreign to the domestic needs, and the prospect

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becomes staggering. Education is probably the largest industry in the world—yet it is one of the last to feel the effects of automation.

To put automation to work for educational purposes, we have to know what we are doing. To know what we are doing requires research and development, not for the purpose of creating cheaper and better machines, but to gather information on the ways of making programs effective and efficient. While this is costly by the usual educational standards, it is peanuts compared with a missile program. We spend hundreds of millions on research for weaponry, but for this new weapon against ignorance, we get no more than bits and pieces of support. Why is this, when brains are our most precious natural resource and ignorance our greatest enemy? Why does the brain find it so hard to recognize its own value?

Russia Reacts to the Common Market . . by *Alexander Werth*

Paris

BY FAR the most curious development in recent months has been the campaign so suddenly launched by Moscow against the Common Market. It is true that, during the months preceding the signing of the Rome Treaty in 1957, the Russians treated the whole idea with distrust, warning France in particular against putting herself in a position where she would be "dominated" by West Germany. But for almost five years scarcely anything was said in Russia about the subject and during Khrushchev's visit to France in 1960, he spoke often about the German military menace, but hardly at all about the Common Market. It was, somehow, assumed in Russia at the time that, far from being a *unifying* factor in the West, the Common Market was, if anything, a *divisive* one.

Today, with Britain, Denmark and Norway likely to join, and with Switzerland, Sweden, Austria and others about to become "associates," the Common Market is beginning to look in Russian eyes like a vast, self-contained economic area that is bound to create endless difficulties for the Soviet bloc. What is more—so the Russians believe—there are growing signs that the United States will succeed in pushing Britain into joining—less for economic than for political and military reasons. Thus, though the vast European project will, in a sense, be self-contained, it will in reality be closely allied with the United States.

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It is curious to note that one of the first European utterances to have alarmed the Russians was a speech made in London on May 1 by M. Jean Monnet, that "great European," who said:

> Everybody will see that the partnership between the United States and a United Europe can transform the West by its own efforts, and cannot be changed by any external pressures; once this is realized, conditions will have been created for a lasting settlement between the Soviet Union and the West.

The implication here of a "position of strength" approach was only too apparent, and there is reason for believing that Monnet's speech acted as a kind of eye-opener for the Russians. There were also many other straws in the wind.

So on May 23, obviously after a top-level discussion on the whole issue had taken place in Moscow, *Pravda* suddenly published a whole page on the Common Market with the banner headline: "The Common Market a Weapon of the Monopolies." One of the articles, entitled "What Is the Common Market?," made the following points:

> (a) That the Common Market was, in fact, run by Hallstein, who was Adenauer's nominee; (b) that "the discriminatory policy of the Common Market towards trade with third parties had strengthened the tendency among a number of countries to join it, or to reach special agreements with it"; (c) that the United States had already lowered its tariffs for the benefit of the Common Market countries; (d) that the Common Market was a weapon in the hands of the monopolies, which were crushing and swallowing up the smaller enterprises, and that the whole thing, as Thorez in France and Togliatti in Italy, had pointed out, would lead to a lowering of real wages; and (e) that Hallstein, Adenauer and even Couve de Murville had all said, with various *nuances*, that "Europe" would fit perfectly into the North Atlantic Alliance, that the customs and economic union were an important step towards achieving political union, and that the close bonds uniting the United States and a United Europe would consolidate the "Free-World," vis-à-vis the Eastern Bloc.

The article continued:

> Now Western Europe is split into two groups, and this does not suit the American and other warmongers. . . . The Seven are falling to pieces, and the small countries threatened by the Common Market will be swallowed by it, and so be drawn into a great aggressive military bloc. . . .
>
> Also, attempts are being made to drag the African countries into it. The United States, scared of European and especially of German competition, is agreeing to a reciprocal lowering of tariffs. . . . *The Common Market, extended to Atlantic dimensions, is now acquiring the contours of a Holy Alliance in which all the powers of American and European reaction would be merged. . . . This is the long-awaited "constructive reply" of capitalism to the Soviet challenge.*

Suspecting even deeper villainy, *Pravda* went on to say that the Common Market countries, for all their "European" verbiage, had contradictory aims: Germany wanted to use the Common Market for achieving territorial expansion in the East, France for keeping full control of her ex-colonies and for acquiring a predominant position in NATO, etc. In

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order to smooth out the contradictions, said *Pravda,* it was essential to create "the greatest possible tension with the East"; and the main aim of the Common Market now was "to strengthen the economic base of the aggressive military machine, by tying to it as many European, African and Asian countries as possible."

THE PUBLICATION of such a full-page blast in *Pravda,* the mouthpiece of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, was naturally no mere academic exercise. It did not take long before Mr. Khrushchev began to thunder against the Common Market in every conceivable context—whether in connection with the meeting in Moscow of the Eastern "Council of Economic Mutual Aid" (Comecon), or in addressing Mr. Mobuto Keito, the President of the little African Republic of Mali, or in almost literally falling over the Italian businessmen who had, on their own initiative, come to open an industrial exhibition in Moscow.

To the Italians, he paid almost extravagant compliments, saying that, unlike all those Common Market people, they were "realistic" in wanting to trade with the Soviet Union. Trade between the two countries, he said, had increased eightfold since 1953, and he urged that Italy get out of the Common Market and become a "neutral." Khrushchev paid the supreme compliment to Premier Fanfani by saying that, in having encouraged this private Italian exhibition in Moscow, he had acted like a good "neutralist."

Actually, the trade between Russia and Italy amounts to only $250 million both ways (the Italians, notably, buy a good deal of Russian oil); nevertheless, Soviet trade with Italy has been greater than with other Western countries.

At the Italian Embassy reception, Khrushchev was in one of his more outrageous moods: he pressed for a World International Trade Conference and then proceeded to urge the Italians once again to get out of the Common Market which, he said, was "an unnatural marriage between males, the kind of thing that's punishable under Soviet criminal law."

As regards Mali, he warned President Keito (and, indeed, all ex-colonial countries) against the snares of the Common Market, which would only prove a weapon of a new brand of colonialism. But while saying that Soviet aid to underdeveloped countries was "brotherly and disinterested," he intimated fairly clearly that the Soviet Union did not now have very much to spare for them. He added that while young African countries were in grave danger from the Common Market, "the Soviet Union was not frightened of it, and it certainly wasn't causing me any sleepless nights."

THE BOAST does not quite correspond to the Soviet Premier's real feelings. In Paris, not long ago, I had the opportunity of meeting a Soviet personality, very high up in the Central Committee, who had come here on a "cultural" mission. What he said to me was this:

"The Common Market is not only an economic, but also a political and military conspiracy. But let us assume that it is only an economic plot. Its purpose is, quite obviously, to hamper East-West trade. If Britain were to subscribe to all the rules of the Common Market, it would mean the end of Soviet-British trade. Already our trade talks with the French have broken down, because the French will no longer give us most-favored-nation treatment. If the British want to sell us machinery and a variety of other commodities, then they musn't start raising 'Common Market' barriers against our exports. If they do that, we shall have to buy our stuff elsewhere.

"We may develop trade with Japan on a hitherto unprecedented scale. We also know that Italian business circles want to trade with us, and we know that they will not submit to too many crippling Common Market restrictions. They object to the Common Market's being used to strangle East-West trade.

"The kind of Common Market that is now being planned," he continued, "is totally incompatible with all that the United Nations stands for, and we shall do all we can to get an international trade conference called to set up a World Trade Organization, which would cut out all discrimination throughout the world."

My informant stressed that it would be "insane" for Britain to join the Common Market: Such a step, he said, would "smash up the Commonwealth" and ruin trade with the Socialist countries. In particular, he thought, British discrimination against Eastern agricultural produce would be a "terrible blow to Polish exports to which we couldn't remain indifferent."

Punch: Ben Roth

"If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these seven should not be joined. . . ."

If the Russians' plan for a World Trade Organization came to nothing, it is not very clear what general trade reprisals they could take against Common Market members short of, for instance, trying to buy in Japan what they could no longer buy in Britain. No doubt, Russia could also turn the heat on a number of neutral countries—Austria or Finland—whose association, in one form or another, with the Common Market they could denounce as being "unneutral." But this would not get them very far.

The trouble with the Soviet Union—and indeed the whole Eastern bloc—is that they are not doing as well economically as they had hoped. The lowering of the standard of living, through a "temporary" rise in the price of meat products and butter, is indicative of serious economic difficulties inside Russia. It is also significant that Khrushchev should have decided to go easy in his aid to the underdeveloped countries, even though, ideologically, this was the real basis of that "peaceful compe-

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tition" with capitalism that was supposed to lead to the triumph of socialism. Khrushchev was not altogether explicit on this point, but what he said to the President of Mali was sufficiently indicative.

Another question, of course, is whether Comecon can really provide an effective answer to the Common Market. Until only a few months ago, the chief Russian ideological review, *Communist*, boasted in its February issue that, as distinct from the Common Market countries, "there is in Comecon a sacred respect for the sovereignty and national interests of each member state; no decision can be taken without the consent of the country affected." The article noted with satisfaction that about three-quarters of the foreign-trade turnover of the Comecon states was "with the countries of the world system of socialism"—which presumably includes China, though she is not officially a Comecon member, any more than are North Vietnam or North Korea.

There is no doubt that the Comecon countries have so far been a much less "integrated" body than the "Europe of the Six." Established in 1949, in the days of Stalin, when "cooperation" between the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies was still very much a one-way affair (that was one reason why Yugoslavia dropped out in 1948), Comecon was dormant for a number of years, especially after Stalin's death. Latterly, there have been some spectacular joint achievements, such as the "Friendship" pipeline which will link the Trans-Volga oilfields with Eastern Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. But the "integration" is very limited; even the currencies of the member states are not mutually convertible; and since "sovereignty" has been an underlying principle of the organization, Comecon does not send out orders, but only recommendations, and these are often ignored.

THE Comecon communiqué issued after its recent two-day meeting dwelt both on achievements and future plans. Among the achievements was the 13 per cent annual increase in the industrial production of the Comecon countries; but no figures were given for agriculture, except that the "socialized sector" had now gone up to 90 per cent. As for the future, the communiqué demanded the calling of a conference that would set up a World Trade Organization and stressed that all the Socialist countries wanted to trade with the capitalist countries. It also outlined in very general terms the much "deeper and more extensive" mutual cooperation planned by Comecon in matters like mutual technical aid, joint capital investments and the rational division of labor—all of which would tend to create, before long, a uniform standard of living and economic development in all the member countries.

It is perhaps significant that the word so often used by Comecon in the past, namely "sovereignty," should not have figured in the communiqué. What is more, the *Pravda* editorial on the following day stressed the fact that the Comecon conference had recognized "that it was an essential condition for a successful further development of economic cooperation that *the role, authority and responsibility* of the Council of Economic Mutual Aid and of all its organs be greatly heightened." (Italics added.) These hints at some kind of supra-nationality were strengthened by Moscow's recent announcement of the creation of a Comecon executive committee to be headed by a new Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union, Veniamin E. Dymshits.

A puzzling point in all these goings-on was the absence from the Comecon meeting of any Chinese representative, or even observer. China's trade relations with both the Comecon countries and the outside world may well be among the things that *do*, perhaps, give Mr. Khrushchev sleepless nights.

MARILYN MONROE: 1926-1962 . . *by Lincoln Kirstein*

THE DEATH of someone who has given you intense pleasure, even if you never met, amounts almost to the death of a personal friend. Having heard the news on the radio and knowing how I felt about Marilyn Monroe, an artist friend wrote me from Indonesia: "I liked everything about her; mainly her power that outwitted the hungry weak for so long."

Extravagant claims need not be made for her capacities as the complete actress; she never had the chance to develop them. But as a classic comedienne of grace, delicacy and happy wonder, she certainly has had no peer since Billie Burke or Ina Claire. The lightness, justness and rhythm in her clowning often held hints of something more penetrating. Her comic tone was sometimes disturbingly ironic; her personal style was more lyric than naturalistic. Irony and lyricism are two prime components of the grand manner. Whether or not she could have succeeded as Lady Macbeth, which she solemnly said she wanted to play one day, after what she had done to herself with the aid and abetment of most of us, we cannot know. But it is possible that her gifts were far more in the scale of the proscenium-frame than the camera-frame.

Imagination boggles at the overtime that would have been loaded onto the rehearsal schedule of any Shakespearean repertory company placed at her tender mercies. But her notorious tardiness or procrastination (it never bankrupted anybody except herself) which so irritated the manipulators for whom she grossed only forty-three million dollars—not, alas, the two hundred million that was first reported—may not have been merely compulsive behavior. Does it never occur to the

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producer, director and investor that a performing artist at the peak of her craft may always want to give a peak performance; and that often, for reasons physical as well as psychological, she may not feel up to the peak she knows she can attain? In the theatre, a star is prepared by weeks of New York rehearsals, months of provincial tours, before settling into the final pattern of the Broadway run. Some seductive movie directors manage to get peak performances out of their stars faster or oftener than average, but by and large the American film industry rarely provides working conditions comparable to the comfort of a successful run in our commercial theatre (and we cannot even make comparison with what prevails in more cultivated countries, able to afford institutional theatre: the theatre of Stanislavsky, of Brecht, of Barrault or Olivier). Everything shot in Hollywood, or planned there, is geared for hysteria and the bet on lucky, improvised takes and type casting.

SO Marilyn Monroe paralyzed production by demanding retakes; maybe she took sixty of a single scene and had them all printed. Maybe the sixtieth wasn't as good as the third. And maybe, at the same time, she had a conscience about the cash she was costing her partners and manipulators. She knew what money was about, since she was born with none, died with little and valued it chiefly for the pleasure of giving it to people poorer than herself.

Perhaps such things qualified her art—nothing qualifies her life as the material of tragedy. It has been hard for novelists or dramatists to canonize the performing artist. Sarah Bernhardt inspired Proust and Henry James; Colette drew on her own fascinating life; Sartre worked hard at Kean. But whatever these triumphs were between covers, they have never given great actresses great roles. The performing artist is a complex mechanism, and in the most powerful of them the urge for self-exposure, the shame of an inadequate performance—even the continual racking desire to be rid, once and for all, of the very desire to risk such hazard—often exist in an almost intolerable balance. Marilyn Monroe was used in her own lifetime as the basis of a shoddy commercial film which failed, among other reasons, for its superficiality. The resemblance was duly publicized but no one really believed it or cared. *The Goddess,* cheap as it was in conception and execution, may well become a monument of taste and talent compared to the doubtless inevitable *Marilyn Monroe Story,* starring some as yet unborn replica of the best features of Jeanne Eagels, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Bette Davis and Greta Garbo, with a supporting cast of Joe DiMaggio, Jr., when he gets out of the Marines, and Clark Gable, Jr., when he gets out of the cradle.

But let us assume that one day Marilyn Monroe's story will find that poetic dramatist who can capture its tragedy—not as Norma Jean Mortenson turned into Marilyn Monroe, not as M.M., but rather as the Performing Artist in our country, in our time. Such a dramatist, reading Maurice Zolotow's admirable biography (Harcourt, Brace; 1960), will see that the denouement is indicated from the first chapter. Zolotow's study, which comes up to *The Misfits* and her death, is courteous, humane and extremely perceptive. In it, only Monroe's wisecracks are funny. It is a book that can serve someone as North's *Plutarch* served Shakespeare: everything is there save the choice of scene and the grandeur of words.

Lacking a Shakespeare, who often breathed immortality into far less absorbing originals, we shall look long for someone to encompass her griefs. Her playwright-husband gave her her most serious script, and if it was a flawed masterpiece it is still a masterpiece. But *The Misfits,* unlike her other films, is not essentially about her performance, or about an artist performing. It is about the almost pornographic horror of a famous man who is actually dying and a famous woman who is having a nervous breakdown. Arthur Miller knew her as no one else: "If she was simple it would have been easy to help her. She could have made it with a little luck. She needed a blessing." Had she enjoyed that blessing, she certainly could have played magnificently Doll Tearsheet, Katharine the Shrew, Mistress Page, Portia. And if she had been granted another chance, in another life, in another society or culture, she could have played Cleopatra—not Shaw's kitten-queen, but the Alexandrian princess, the serpent of old Nile. Yet, in our time, who could have encompassed her character? Tennessee Williams naturally springs to mind, since he knows our movie industry well and has what passes for passion and compassion; but judging by his last two and possibly best plays, his largest gifts are for comedy. He writes comedies of manners, more mannerist than tragic. Brecht might have made a cartoon, but Monroe was not grim; O'Neill was almost humorless; neither had the innocence and gaiety which assert Monroe's aura.

HOWEVER, there is one playwright, and evidence has just come to light that he is far more "modern" than many now living in the flesh. Oscar Wilde might have triumphed with Marilyn Monroe's material, since it was so much like his own. When the thousand and more pages of his collected letters appear here in the fall, so magnificently presented and annotated by Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, we shall enjoy not only one of the greatest of English autobiographies; we shall also learn to know, for the first time, a marvelously funny, generous, profoundly decent man, who in his whole short life (he died at forty-six) never harmed a living soul, save himself, the wife he adored and the two very young children who meant more to him than anything in the world. His personal tragedy is certainly one of the most terrible and moving about which we have absolutely complete information. And he was a performing artist in his public as well as in his private life.

Monroe was a woman of considerable importance and Wilde would have known, as few others, just wherein her importance lay. She belongs in the fairly large company of tragedians in life who also performed for money in a broader theatre. Not all of them were stage actors, and in the cases of Oscar Wilde and Marilyn Monroe, some of their greatest scenes were not played on stage. Like Wilde, she often reserved her talent for her art and her genius for her life.

The essence of the star perform-

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er's individual contribution is the development of a tone, style and rhythm which make legible his private morality. The intensity of the distillation has an inflammatory effect on the whole world, high-brow, low-brow and middle-brow, because it seems a revelation, at least in part, of their own divine or monstrous qualities. The genius-performer, whose compelling, or "compulsive," problem is the editing of a private identity into an intoxicating icon, has a long line of saints and martyrs: Beckford, Byron, Kean, Baudelaire, Booth, Rimbaud, van Gogh, T.E. Lawrence, Nijinsky, Dylan Thomas, James Dean, Jean Harlow and her legitimate daughter, Marilyn Monroe. The stupendous question: "Who am I, really?"—unless it is answered to one's own satisfaction at about the age when one achieves an end of technical apprenticeship — generates an endless seesaw energy of frustration disguised as brilliant nervous energy, which is no less predictably fatal than cancer. By no means all great performers are martyrs, though some approach the saintly. Many of the best have had the power to solve their own questions of identity, and have heard the lovely music at the end. One thinks of Garrick at home; Walt Whitman, the arch-impersonator, receiving Oscar Wilde in Camden; Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry; Victor Hugo, whom Cocteau said was a madman who thought he was Victor Hugo; Duse, Pavlova, and Cocteau himself, who has played the various disguises of Harlequin for seventy years, surviving all the spiritual and physical exercises that are credited with killing so many of his juniors.

The "healthy," the "wholesome" performers, as opposed to the "compulsive" ones, have been able to balance or employ their compelling behavior in public, usually supported by a technique and a tradition of craft. And in the old days, no matter how horrifying their infancies or adolescences, performers could almost call their souls their own. Edmund Kean, the greatest Shakespearean of his time, had no easier a human apprenticeship than Marilyn Monroe; psychic shocks from his youth certainly killed him sooner than if he had been a nobleman and rich (in which case he could not have been an actor at all). But Kean, in spite of his hysterical behavior, had the final satisfaction of appearing in a great repertory. He himself controlled every element of its production, presentation as well as exploitation. His reputation and body belonged to himself to do with as he pleased, and he pleased to drink. However, he was not both president and partner of Edmund Kean Productions, Inc., a corporation manipulated by a cartel of hopeful wolves, who were treacherous always, and who could yet howl about their property's final, desperate, treachery. There was publicity-seeking in Kean's day and probably in Shakespeare's too. But in Shakespeare's time, repertory troupes were protected by royal patent or noble patrons, and the actors wore their responsible masters' livery. Now we have no repertory companies, except in a few interstitial or putative institutions, and it is highly unlikely that they will ever again dominate our theatre. Our only true repertory houses are the chains of small art-film houses, where *Bus Stop, The Blood of the Poet, Ten Days That Shook The World, Some Like It Hot* and *The Misfits,* will be shown for generations.

CERTAINLY, Marilyn Monroe was victimized, but one must study Maurice Zolotow's book to understand the crafty uses she made of her own adversity, and the legends she helped augment as weapon, protection and blackmail. We all know how juvenile delinquents feed back quite adequately Freudian jargon to their interrogators, who then check off the predictable causes: guilt, rejection, alienation, insecurity, etc. Lacking a Shakespeare, it would take a Bernard Shaw—who understood T.E. Lawrence as Pvt. Shaw, Ross, the Bastard, the Poet, the Adventurer, the Failure, the Success—to utilize all of Monroe's maniacal procrastination, her treacheries to those who "helped" her — that wolf-pack and rat-pack, agents and instructors, who of course expected only a kind word for their investment.

Dance and song, unlike the spoken word or the use of classic diction, have absolute techniques. Virtuosity is the salvation of the singer and dancer; the actor has no such luck. Of course it is true that Nijinsky went mad, that Callas behaves badly (or astutely), and that Dylan Thomas wrote very good verse, read it very well and drank too much. But the greatest performers of institutional theatre, singers, dancers and those actor-managers of the last century, by and large provide a picture of almost bourgeois domestic simplicity. That is also true of many excellent film actors who have come to their own satisfaction with a becoming modesty: James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster, Katherine Hepburn and many others. But these are fine character actors, which is different from a blazing star: a Garbo, who does not die, except to the screen; a Marilyn Monroe.

Hollywood has always been a supermarket of personality. As in most supermarkets, the comestibles come packed with additives, preservatives, detergents; and while not immediately lethal, such nourishment hasn't the savor that nature intended. Very little has issued from Hollywood that has any claim on the most transient memory. Naturally there is in Hollywood no museum devoted to the motion picture; it is a phenomenon without a real history, in which only the freaks, the exceptions, the tragedies are memorable. The one academy it ever sanctioned is suitably enough an annual racket. It is a climate providing less chance for healthy work than even downtown Los Angeles, for all its smog. But it's not the only villain; Hollywood has its conscious and unconscious accomplices.

IT doesn't help the performing arts much that Harvard University, having some decades ago exiled George Pierce Baker to teach at Yale, finally erected a fantastically equipped theatre with the proviso that acting is not to be instructed for credit, and that there be no graduate school of drama. The Loeb Theatre is thus only a clean play-pen for the young gentlemen. It helps less to have Congress grant a land-site for a national cultural center with the proviso that the nation never be called upon either to erect the building or maintain it. It helps least of all that the Kennedy Administration,

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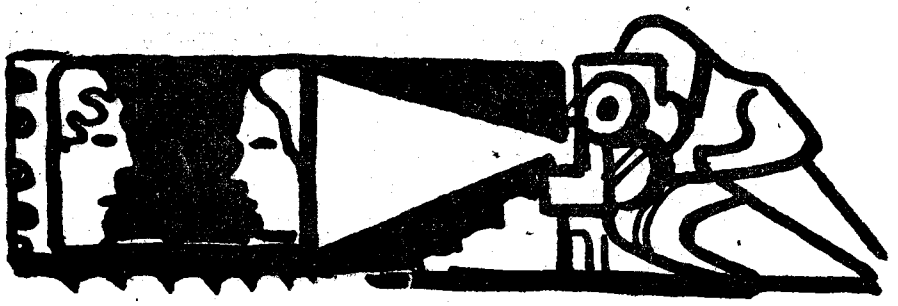
after a canny survey, has discovered no political mileage in culture, and is cloaking that bit of intelligence with tasteful interest in interior decoration, good cooking and polite literary conversation. Sure, lots of culture centers are going up all over the country. If one wants a fair idea of what happens when they are built, regard the situation in Seattle, which thanks to the planners of a successful World's Fair has an excellent facility. There is a dog-fight as to how the buildings will be used; and there is no plan for any future use, except the pious promise that expensive cultural events should be prudently pruned.

MARILYN MONROE was supposed to be the Sex Goddess, but somehow no one, including, or indeed first of all, herself, ever believed it. Rather, she was a comedienne *impersonating* the American idea of the Sex Goddess, just as she impersonated Hildegarde, the "chantoosie," in *Bus Stop*. When people paid their forty millions to see Monroe, it was for an aesthetic performance, not a simple provocation. And she, perhaps even consciously, exemplified a philosophy which had come to her pragmatically, and which a lot of American women don't like very much—a philosophy at once hedonistic, full of uncommon common sense, and, even to some intellectuals, deeply disturbing. Her performances indicated that while sex is certainly fun, and often funny, it is only one of many games. Others include the use of the intelligence. Sex has a certain importance, indubitably, but the messianic role which has been assigned it in the first half of the twentieth century may have been overplayed, just as it was underplayed in the second half of the nineteenth century. It seems to have been played about right in Greece, Rome, Japan and eighteenth-century France. Marilyn Monroe just played right around it. Her act was fantastic, uproarious and daft. Not the least ironic part of a life so crammed with irony was that someone made so dependent on the shaky therapies of contemporary post-Freudian philosophy should have portrayed to the public the very picture of bumptious sexual normalcy.

A HOLLYWOOD gossip columnist, who should know if anyone does, said that Marilyn Monroe's life was an absolute waste; one wonders what he, in the brief watches of the night, thinks of what he does with his time. Radio Vatican proclaimed that a person should have the courage to face life without turning to the easy way out of suicide. It seems to have been a relatively difficult way for a woman who tried it some half-dozen times without success. Marilyn Monroe turned to Christian Science and let herself, as a good daughter-in-law, be instructed in the Reformed Jewish faith. There is evidence that she believed in divine providence, but its councilors on earth have not proceeded far enough in the ecumenical movement to help miserable performing artists whose God-given talents bring them more burdens than their God-given flesh can bear. More than predictably, the filthiest footnote appeared in *Time's* anonymity. Recapping every detail which could exude a faintly pornographic whiff, its final diapason rolled: "All the same she was a star; it hardly matters she never quite became an actress." Get that *"quite."* Marilyn Monroe's life was not a waste. She gave delight. She was a criterion of the comic in a rather sad world. Her films will continue to give delight, and it is blasphemy to say she had no use. Her example, our waste of her, has the use of a redemption in artists yet untrained and unborn.



Letters

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

Professor Hughes is running on a peace program of American initiatives to end the arms race while also advocating a liberal domestic program. [See book review; page 76]

A large vote for Hughes in November can be important in proving that the peace issue is politically viable in Massachusetts and across the country. We hope that interested citizens throughout the U.S. will make financial contributions to the attention of the undersigned, care of Hughes for Senate Committee, 56 Boylston Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

JEROME GROSSMAN, Secretary
Boston, Mass.

'Ultras' at Work

Dear Sirs: Reading "The Ultras" was like seeing all my own fears in print. In my community, a member of the Radical Right was successful in winning a seat on the School Board. Inside of two weeks he had attacked: psychological testing; *The Nation; The Saturday Review;* Science Research Associates; Langston Hughes; the Overstreets.

Psychological testing, in our district, was suspended pending a policy decision by the board.

We do have in our community some aware parents with the "guts" to try to preserve the rights of our children to be educated and not indoctrinated. Whether we will have any effect on this apparent move toward reaction and its resulting loss of liberties remains to be seen. Any suggestion you or your readers might have will be gratefully received. EVELYN SILVER
Hicksville, N.Y.

Waste in Washington

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the July 28 issue ["A Scent on the Wind"] was very encouraging to me. It is good to know that my concern about the gross waste in government procurement is shared by many people throughout the country, and your editorial will make many more people cognizant of this situation. It is my sincere hope that the public will soon become so aroused about this subject that it will insist that legislation be passed to stop these practices.

I am enclosing a copy of your editorial as it appeared in the *Congressional Record*.

EARL WILSON, M.C. (9th Dist., Ind.)
Washington, D.C.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Who Enforces Utopia?

ISLAND. By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Row. 335 pp. $5.

Arthur Herzog

AT THE beginning of the twentieth century "a future society unbelievably rich, leisured, orderly and efficient — a glittering antiseptic world of glass and steel and snow white concrete," as Orwell puts it, was thought to be almost on the table. The recipe was simple: mix science and technology, fold in mass production, sweeten with democracy and presto! utopia, the dessert of centuries.

Considering subsequent events, it's not surprising that utopia has fallen from fashion. Its principal harbingers, like Edward Bellamy and H. G. Wells, seem dated as gas lamps. None of them anticipated what would prove to be the real problems in the way of utopia —dictators, population explosions, atomic weapons or the terrible difficulties of increasing and distributing wealth even in countries that are already rich.

Utopia, from Plato's *Republic* on, has had a characteristic shortcoming. It is a study of ends, not means, and it has never pondered what might be encountered on the road to its heavenly cities. This oversight has a corollary. Utopia has never solved the problem of power, at least in an acceptable way. What happens when a few cranks don't happen to share the perfect dreams of a perfect society? The utopist, though perhaps not always consciously, tends to rely on compulsion, and behind the rosy future there is the glint of a mailed fist. Utopists seldom have trusted their imaginary subjects.

Utopia continues strong today, except that it has been stood on its head. In place of the traditional, constructive, positive utopias we have what is almost a new literary strain — utopia in reverse, cacotopia, the worst of all possible worlds. It is a surprisingly large and varied body of literature. Huxley himself has written two counter-utopias — *Brave New World* and *Ape and Essence*. Orwell's *1984*, E. M. Forster's *The Machine Stopped* and Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* are anti-utopias of a horrific kind. Chesterton satirized utopia in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, in which he foresaw the day when "men were immensely improved by grazing or taking their food slowly and continuously, after the manner of cows . . . in a field covered with veal cutlets." An excellent counter-utopia, *We*, sent its Soviet writer, Eugene Zamiatin, to a concentration camp. Even Wells seems to have been uncertain at times whether the glittering new world would be heaven or hell. One might also include William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* in the collection. Consider the setting: a tropical island, everybody's idea of paradise, the utopia of the natural man, in which children proceed to demonstrate their basic bestiality.

BUT WHILE the counter-utopists may have put a cautionary light on many contemporary ideals, they have provided nothing in their place. It is this job that Huxley attempts in *Island*. It is a curious book, more successful as a vehicle of ideas than as a novel. It is written heavily and without the incisiveness of *Brave New World*. The characters are weak and poorly drawn. The later Huxley flaws — the verbosity, the over-intellectuality — are much in evidence. Like a nervous lover, Huxley seems almost to talk himself out of the main chance. And yet, despite its defects, *Island* is a stimulating visit.

Like most utopias, *Island* is a study of ends, but Huxley is also aware of the difficulties of means. He quotes Aristotle as saying, "In framing an ideal we may assume what we wish, but we should avoid impossibilities." Huxley's utopia is what he calls "near-in" — that is, the ideas are presumably susceptible to being put into practice.

Huxley's island is called Pala (Paladin? Pallas — wisdom?), and on it East and West have united to produce utopia. Pala, population 1,000,000, lies somewhere in the Indian Ocean. It has no harbor and has thus escaped Arab slave traders and European colonists. In the nineteenth century a Scottish doctor named MacPhail arrived there and, with wild improbability, saved the life of the Palanese Raja through an operation conducted under hypnosis. The two of them, Raja and doctor, built a new society on Pala, the doctor offering the brittle knowledge of the West, the doctor the mysterious wisdom of the East.

The result is the present-day Pala as seen by a neurotic English reporter named Farnaby, who wrecks his sailboat on the island and stays to recuperate. (Farnaby had wanted to visit Pala anyway because he is secretly trying to get an oil concession there for his publisher-oilman boss, Lord Aldehyde—*Form*aldehyde?) Pala is called the Forbidden Island because progress-carrying Westerners are not welcome, but the islanders prove hospitable and proceed to demonstrate and explain their social system. The discussions are in English — in keeping with the fusion scheme, the islanders use English for science and business, Palanese for religion and love — and they are of interminable length and determinedly impressive erudition. In fact, the Palanese are some of the longest-winded people around.

GREAT borrowers and sifters that they are, the Palanese have kept only the best from the two worlds. From the West they have taken electricity, but they have thrown back state socialism and private property. They could be called co-operators or communitarian Socialists. They keep the Western family but broaden its base so that raising children is a community project, much as in a clan system. They love science, especially what Huxley calls the sciences of life, psychology, biology, eugenics, the same sciences that created *Brave New World*. They are firm believers in birth control, and contraceptives are distributed free. They attempt to improve the population through artificial insemination from selected, deep-frozen male seed. They think that character is often inherited and try to sort out potential troublemakers as babies, to redirect them. They practice auto-hypnotism as an aid to learning. There is a great deal more of this, but in a way it is window-dressing. The West provides only conditions for the good life. The heart of the good life comes from the East.

One gathers that Huxley agrees with Koestler that Eastern thought is a shambles, and the islanders have swept most of it away. They have retained, though, a variety of Zen Buddhism. Roaming wild on Pala are mynah birds that cry "Attention!"—meaning, I gather, attention to the self of selves, or, as Huxley puts it, "If I only know who

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in fact I am, I should cease to behave as what I think I am; and if I stopped behaving as I think I am, I should be what I am." The islanders are immersed in the yoga of everything, which Huxley attempts to dramatize in a scene where Farnaby takes Palanese perception mushrooms and has a visionary experience. They are keen on the yoga of love — it is not clear whether the Palanese are promiscuous, but they are certainly not inhibited — and reach total fulfillment in sex. They believe, in short, in living deep.

Farnaby, obsessive and guilt-ridden, is set off against these supposedly calm and happy people as an example of Western man; and, always just, Huxley gives us some pretty unsavory non-Palanese Eastern types as well. But Farnaby falls in love with a Palanese and decides to stay. In the meantime, the greedy, overpopulated world closes in. It wants the oil and can't stand the existence of a truly sane society. But Huxley suggests that the world can still learn from Pala.

WILL IT? I think not. For one thing, life there seems a little dull — at times the Palanese are uncomfortably close to grazing in Chesterton's fields of veal cutlets, curry-style. It is a regrettable truth that the wicked utopia makes better reading than the good, and one sympathizes with Huxley's efforts to make Pala interesting. (He might have done so with a little more plain Palanese fun.) And then, it seems unlikely that Zen and perception mushrooms are going to be used by any large number of people. Huxley suggests, in fact, that the Pala-model might be something for underdeveloped rather than developed countries. "You're irretrievably committed to applied physics and chemistry," a character says to Farnaby, "with all their dismal consequences, military, political and social. But the underdeveloped countries aren't committed. They don't *have* to follow your example. They're still free to take the road we've taken — the road of fertility control, and the limited production and selective industrialization which fertility control makes possible, the road that leads toward happiness from the inside out, through health, through awareness, through a change in one's attitude toward the world. . . ."

Focusing as it does on the inner and not merely the material life, *Island* is a new departure for utopia. Impractical as much of it may be, it is still more provocative than the usual reports of commissions on national goals. Perhaps we need less pragmatic thinking; need instead, a few of Ruskin's locomotives dressed up like dragons, more imagination, more utopian ideals. This, basically, is what *Island* says, and it is worth repeating.

The Party

After the party
I was left with too many
cookies and candybars

and carried them over
to the tenement sidewalk
across the street:

Here take a handful
and one for your sister
go ahead it's free
do you have any friends?
hurry call them before
it is all gone

Ever since then
our doorman smiles
as if we share a secret

but I don't feel
all that sure
and evade him now
or look the other way.

Marguerite Harris

No Work for a Shy Man

THE DESTRUCTION OF LORD RAGLAN. By Christopher Hibbert. Little, Brown & Co. 338pp. $6.50.

Raymond Postgate

THIS BOOK comes to the reader blackened by the foolish and frantic overpraise of the publisher. "As gripping and terrible as the chapters on Borodino in *War and Peace*"; "One rises from it charged with torturing emotions." Such is the rubbish written by a member of the House of Lords, and fed to critics, whose nausea may easily make them overlook the fact that the book is a reversion to the type of historical writing which was the glory of the Victorian and Edwardian periods.

That is to say, it is an absorbing, accurate and scholarly work, by a man who has studied the sources and can write clear and pleasant English not disfigured by hysteria nor distorted by prejudice, and about a subject (the Crimean War) which in itself is both entertaining and dramatic. Because of Messrs. Little, Brown's foaming at the mouth, one is forced to note that it is not on the high level of, say, Cecil Woodham Smith's study of the charge of the Light Brigade, called *The Reason Why*. Mrs. Woodham Smith painted an astonishing and even appalling portrait of the two worst generals, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, and explained the social background that not only molded them but also made it probable that two such maniacs should be in high commands in the British Army. Anything like this is beyond the powers of Mr. Hibbert.

Nevertheless, the book is an excellent one, and would make good bedside reading for nights on end. The Crimean War was as pointless as any war can ever have been — a largish French Army, a smaller British Army, a tiny Sardinian one and a totally useless Turkish one attacked Sebastopol for reasons which even Mr. Hibbert cannot make plausible. The Cabinet which decided to invade the Crimea was, half of it, asleep; when the armies reached Eupatoria, the Mayor allowed them to land after they had signed quarantine notices. Lord Raglan, the Commander in Chief, had been Wellington's secretary and his military thinking had stopped at Waterloo. "You and I," said his second in command, "are accustomed when in any great difficulty to ask ourselves how the Great Duke would have acted." He still absentmindedly referred to the enemy as "the French" during this campaign, and had to make some embarrassing apologies. He had once read a book: it was a novel by Dumas; disliking the experience, he did not repeat it. His French colleague, St. Arnaud, was mortally ill and unable or unwilling to cooperate.

RAGLAN was one-armed, polite, gentle and shy. He worked himself almost to death — indeed, literally to death, for he did not survive to the end of the campaign — and Florence Nightingale said "it was impossible not to love him." He was not responsible directly— all top-ranking soldiers were to some extent responsible indirectly — for the incompetence of the commissariat and the whole supporting organization of the Army which caused the devastating illness and misery that shocked the whole nation, and are still remembered. Neither was he responsible directly for

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RAYMOND POSTGATE, who describes himself as a gourmet and radical writer, has written many books, ranging from Verdict of Twelve *(a thriller) to* 1848: The Story of a Year *(a history) to* The Plain Man's Guide to Wine.

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the muddles called the battles of Alma, Inkerman and Balaclava, nor for the greater muddle that made it necessary to spend a whole horrible Crimean winter besieging a town that would have fallen easily had it been attacked at once. If his French colleagues had listened to his mild remonstrances, the campaign would have been over quickly; if his generals had obeyed his over-polite orders, his battles would have been victories. He was venomously abused by the press correspondents, headed by Russell of the *Times*, as if he had been personally responsible for the disasters; his Wellingtonian tradition of reticence prevented his replying, even in his dispatches to the War Office.

Yet, although Mr. Hibbert gains our affection for Raglan as a man, he hardly succeeds in rehabilitating him. It is plausible enough to say that Raglan left the initiative to his generals on the theory that the man on the spot knows best; but a Commander in Chief's duty is to command. On several occasions, he could have prevented minor or major disasters had he sent plain and firm orders instead of vaguely phrased suggestions to subordinates who were usually arrogant, if not worse. (Four of them were half-blind.) It is plausible to argue that Raglan had, at all costs, to keep on good terms with the French; but by allowing himself to be overridden, he twice lost opportunities of ending the campaign quickly. A Commander in Chief must know how to dominate his allies on occasion, how to be effectively peremptory even to a French general — difficult as this may be, as we all know by now.

A Call for Martyrs

AN APPROACH TO PEACE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By H. Stuart Hughes. Atheneum Publishers. 204 pp. $4.50.

Theodore Roszak

IN THE formulation of a foreign policy, nothing is more crucial than the image around which that policy crystallizes in the public mind. The image not only sells—or fails to sell—the policy; it often guides the policy in its application, and may very well prop up a policy that has outlived its usefulness. During the Truman-Acheson-Dulles years, the controlling image of American diplomatic thought was dramatic and widely appealing. It was the image of Horatius at the bridge. Along a 20,000-mile frontier, stretching from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan, America was the glamorous and embattled champion defending the lands of the free from the Marxist onslaught. The societies on "our side" of the line were so many dominoes: if one fell to what CIA agents on the scene called Communist aggression, the others would topple in turn. And where would it all end? The analysis was simple and the remedy obvious: heavy doses of military force to hold that line.

H. Stuart Hughes thinks it's about time we retired poor old Horatius, who has clearly gotten a little stiff in the joints and is suffering acutely from nibbling in the rear. In "An Approach to Peace," the title piece and longest of seven essays that make up his new book, he commends another noble Roman for our consideration: Quintus Fabius Maximus, who defended his homeland by cunning, restraint, strategic retreat and above all, patience: "a systematic policy of *delay*," as Hughes here calls it.

What would such a foreign policy look like today? Hughes does not hesitate to warn that it would involve drastic diplomatic retooling. For one thing, it would mean bowing out of impossible, if highly emotional, commitments to regimes we can't, and often shouldn't, protect. For another, it would mean nuclear disarmament, negotiated if possible, unilateral if necessary. (Yes, the man even says he'd rather be Red than Dead, in the unlikely chance it should come to that. So now the worst is out.) In saying things like this, Hughes is laying his head on the block—and he knows it. No doubt, there are many who will take advantage of his candor to disparage him—most of them, I'm sure, without bothering to study the context in which Hughes places his recommendations.

What Hughes would have us do essentially is separate our private, power-political dispute with Russia from the revolutionary movements that are sweeping the new and underdeveloped nations. It is neat and simple to perceive these two problems as one. It is also wrong. They are different problems, requiring different solutions. And in neither case is the solution military force. The solution to our troubles with Russia is disengagement in Europe—which to all appearances the Russians are prepared to consider seriously—and the cultivation of neutrality between the parted rivals. The secret to influencing the revolutionary forces that are raising havoc among the hungry and backward billions of Asia, Africa and Latin America is political sophistication and economic generosity. Even so, among these angry peoples the prestige and control of the West may be minimal for years to come. But we must be prepared to take the role of the intelligent parent. We must let the adolescent rebelliousness of the former colonial lands vent itself, accepting the righteousness of much of their indignation and at the same time patiently offering whatever aid our wisdom, know-how and plenty permit.

IN SUM, Hughes feels we must play for time and roll with the punches. Eventually "the Communist world itself will undergo vast changes," new forces will appear in international politics, the bipolar world will give way to a world made up of many regional groupings, sharing power among themselves with approximate equality. America and the Soviet Union might even be wise to hurry this transition along and guide its development by cooperating to introduce China into the family of nations.

> In the future world I have been trying to delineate, the United States will cut a more modest figure than it does today. It will undergo (on a smaller scale) the sort of readjust-

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The Envious Hunter

As they pause and circle back,
Cup wings, inquire, and pitch in by our guns,
There's something mirrored about them,
Something rigged. The way they turn,
Dip, survey, and circle once again,
Each as each, each with each,
Offends me, and I press the trigger.
One slaps down upon the winter pond.
Now, at least, that startled flock
Is not so equally tuned.

Frederick Rebsamen

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ment to the rise of new powers that Britain and France have already experienced. . . . It will not be an unbecoming role. On the contrary, it will be a role more congenial to our national temperament and institutions than the task as embattled leader of the "free world" that we have felt obliged, with mounting difficulties, to assume during the past two decades.

WHAT after all is the alternative to what Hughes proposes? It is clearly a policy based on threats of massive retaliation we dare not carry out and on commitments we cannot meet, or often have no business meeting. I wonder, does anyone remember Kennedy's telling us in 1961—he was talking about Berlin at the time—that "any place on earth is defensible if free men choose to make it so"? Bold words, those. They made the front cover of *Life,* alongside an appropriately square-jawed, blood-in-the-eye picture of our President. But a year later the Administration writes off Laos as indefensible, and this despite repeated intimations over the last fifteen months that if Laos "goes Communist" tomorrow, we can expect the Pathet Lao to invade California by the middle of next week.

Embarrassments like this are more the product of the limited vocabulary and inflexible syntax of cold-war rhetoric than anything else. Hughes is right when he warns that if the rhetoric continues, the illusion of defeat will grow; "heroic despair" will accumulate. "The real danger for our country will come when our nationalist Right finally wakes up to the fact that it has been 'had.'" At that point the pressures of a frustrated patriotism may not permit us the option of shutting up; they may demand that we put up. Which means preventive war, the desperate flight forward into disaster.

Hughes's book closes with a call for a new political party, a party which will buck the "conventional wisdom" of the cold war. "A church in the catacombs," Hughes calls it, a tiny band of the dedicated prepared to be martyred at the hands of unenlightened public and official opinion until the people and their leaders hear and are educated.

> We need calm and quiet figures—men with a talent for telling unpleasant truths in a tone that will forestall both anger and panic, men equipped to lay bare our illusions, but gently and humanely. Such men should be without vulgar ambition and with little regard for popularity. . . . Today is not a time for "greatness"—at least as conventionally defined—or for leaders who want to make a name in history. It is a time for reflection and compassion.

Not one to leave the practice of his preaching to other men, Hughes has taken his challenging view of world affairs into the Massachusetts Democratic primaries as a candidate for the Senate.

Of the other essays in his book, most of them reprinted here from various periodicals, three deal with contemporary European politics and two with the dilemmas of the American intelligentsia. The same grace of style and thought, the same quiet good will that characterize the title essay pervade the remainder.

Country of Love

FOR LOVE: POEMS 1950-60. By Robert Creeley. Charles Scribner's Sons. 160 pp. $1.45 paper. $3.50 cloth.

Paul Carroll

ON THE back cover of this book is a photograph of the poet looking, with one wry, cold, but human eye, directly at you; the other eye is a slit. An elegant wood crow stands, in profile, on the table on which Creeley is sitting. The picture is a mirror of these close-to-the-bone, fiercely personal poems. Reading them aloud — most of them are brief, taut lyrics — one gets the feeling that the poet is down the road apiece, tending his chicken farm (Creeley worked one in the late 1940s, in New Hampshire, I believe), talking, half aloud, half to himself, of those few essentials that matter to a man: Who am I? What is this love I feel, or this woman?

One of the qualities which stamped Creeley as an original when his early work was being published in Cid Corman's *Origin* back in 1952, and which, as it turned out, stamped him as a leader of his generation, was this incessant personal voice, unmistakable, stingy at times, foreign, often perverse, the budding lyricism clipped. (When I first came to know the work of Creeley, I felt: "This poetry is whittled from too dry a stick; it wants blood.")

None of his contemporaries in the poetry scene of ten years ago — Paul Blackburn, John Logan, James Wright,

PAUL CARROLL, a Chicago poet, is associate editor of WFMT Perspective, *a monthly magazine of ideas and the fine arts, published by WFMT, Chicago's Fine Arts station.*

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Denise Levertov, W. S. Merwin — seemed further from the Establishment than Creeley and, for that matter, from the *avant-garde,* too. These were the years when American poetry was still absorbing the High Styles of Yeats, Eliot and Ezra Pound — vaticinal, erudite, crafty — and coming to appreciate from Wallace Stevens how the nuances and exacerbations of the nerves and heart can be elegant; and learning, too, the civilized lesson of the New Critics — the poem as self-conscious and intricate, a museum piece being catalogued in a Platonic classroom located somewhere between Kenyon College and Alexandria of old. Even the *avant-garde,* which in those days meant experiments with spoken idiom and with attempts, usually pretentious, to smash the iambic form of the Establishment, was no home for Creeley, who was writing:

> The crow in the cage in the dining-room
> hates me, because I will not feed him.
>
> And I have left nothing behind in leaving
> because I killed him.
>
> And because I hit him over the head with a stick
> there is nothing I laugh at.
>
> Sickness is the hatred of a repentance
> knowing there is nothing he wants.

The austerity of those early poems, with their niggardly use of metaphor and lack of the verbal richness usually associated with the genuine article in poetry, was a shock to many of us. Here was a voice, curt and ironic, that never beat around the bush, that delineated complicated states of feeling in a bald style. The crow may be a symbol of all in life that bedevils us, the enemies concealed in the everyday whom we must murder, the enemy in ourselves; but what makes this poem memorable is the concentrated intensity of the relationship between man and bird, no matter what the bird may or may not "mean." If the young Robert Lowell had gotten his hands on that crow it would probably have become one of the melancholy lovers swept by the eternal winds in the *Inferno;* or Allen Ginsberg would have transfigured it into a famished bird of the soul. For Creeley, the bird is itself.

Creeley is, above all, a poet of immediate, concrete, personal relationships — between lovers, friends, a man with himself. Landscape, weather, architecture, human appearances have no place in his work except as backdrop — and then only rarely — for the particular relationship being embodied in the poem.

Although Creeley's poetry is American to the core — empirical, no-nonsense, indifferent to traffic with history, myth or the supernatural — *"hoc opus, hic labor est."*/That was the Cumaean Sibyl speaking./This is Robert Creeley . . . " — the poet to whom he seems closest in spirit, when at his bald, biting best, is Catullus. The man who wrote:

> *Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.*
> *nescio. sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*
>
> ("I hate: I love. You're curious, perhaps, how this can be?
> I don't know. I feel it. Excruciating.")

is a brother to Creeley's

> To be in love is like going outside to see what kind of day
>
> it is. Do not
> mistake me. If you love
>
> her how prove she
> loves also, except that it
>
> occurs, a remote chance on which you stake
>
> yourself? But barter for
> the Indian was a means of substance.
>
> There are records.

Creeley is, in fact, a poet whose country is that of Love; and although Catullus is more hot-blooded and darker, both poets share an endless fascination with the power, beauty, pain and grace of that country.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Fugitive Agrarians

I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition (Harper & Row, $2.25) is to be favorably regarded as an attack on the Whig interpretation of history, the tendency to equate change and progress. Unfortunately, it shrinks to a dated rear-guard action of 1930 by twelve gifted and nostalgic Southerners who very nearly bring the grave into the house, as Allen Tate put it in his "Ode to the Confederate Dead." Hence the book is now chiefly a datum in the history of American thought, as even the contributors generally might well agree. At least Henry Blue Kline early threw in with TVA, and Robert Penn Warren, in *Segregation* (Vintage, 95c), recanted his youthful indiscretion, "The Briar Patch." Stark Young, never a professing Agrarian, is the most humane and least in need of revisions and allowances. He still speaks to the times by going directly to the unlocalized and undated problems of social value and the defense of individual integrity.

I received *I'll Take My Stand* in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, at the end of a particularly unsavory Democratic primary. A plea for "our Southern way of life" and a promise to stand in the schoolhouse door if any scalawag on the federal bench ordered integration, won the governor's nomination and whetted my appetite for a more urbane, perhaps rational, defense of "the" Southern view. But superior rhetoric could not hide familiar errors: a bland distortion of the old regime, the pretense that the Agrarian view is the one Southern view (as if only Jefferson Davis, not Aubrey Williams and Martin Luther King, Jr., as well, had graced Montgomery) and a defensive truculence. This was understood and pitied by Mr. Young and exemplified by Andrew Nelson Lytle's closing sentence: [The Agrarian way] "is our own, and if we have to spit in the water bucket to keep it our own,

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we had better do it." The Whigs can rejoice in such an adversary.

The Ancients

The Odyssey of Homer, translated by George Herbert Palmer (Bantam, 50c). Howard N. Porter's introduction analyzes the poem as an epic of rebirth similar to the *Aeneid* and the *Divine Comedy*. Ennis Rees attempts the middle style in a new verse translation (Modern Library, $1.95).

On the Iliad by Rachel Bespaloff (Harper & Row, 95c.) Keenly perceptive; relates Homer to these times by way of his use of myth.

Three Tragedies by Sophocles, translated by H. D. F. Kitto (Oxford, $1.50). New but not "modern" acting versions of *Antigone, Oedipus the King* and *Electra* in supple verse.

The Complete Plays of Aristophanes, edited by Moses Hadas (Bantam, 95c). Verse translations, seven of them new, with the verve and freedom of Old Comedy originals.

The Comedies of Terence, edited by Robert Graves (Anchor, $1.45). Adapts Laurence Echard's Restoration translation of all six plays.

Poems from the Greek Anthology, translated by Kenneth Rexroth, drawings by Geraldine Sakall (Michigan, $1.75). Crackling dry comment on mortality, the duration of joy and wantonness, only ten duplicating titles in Dudley Fitts's more elegant paraphrases (New Directions, $1). Includes a dozen translations from Martial, Petronius and the *Carmina Burana. Greek Lyric Poetry,* translated by Willis Barnstone (Bantam, 60c), is much the fullest selection in paper covers, with enough of several poets from Archilochos to the Byzantine period to give them identity.

Ovid Surveyed by L. P. Wilkinson (Cambridge, $2.45). Lively, humane, authoritative abridgment of *Ovid Recalled,* with English heroic couplets instead of Latin in long quotations.

Selected Satires of Lucian, translated by Lionel Casson (Anchor, $1.45). The skeptical mockery of *A True Story, Lucius the Ass* and generous portions of the dialogues in racy new translations.

The Golden Ass by Apuleius (Indiana, $1.85). The boisterous allegory of a young man magically turned into an ass who learns human nature from outside; Jack Lindsay's lively translation.

The Satyricon by Petronius (Michigan, $1.95). The many-sided comic masterpiece of Nero's consul and intimate, the "refined voluptuary" of Tacitus and bête noire of Mrs. Grundy; brilliant, colloquial, entirely unexpurgated translation by William Arrowsmith.

Party Politics in the Age of Caesar by Lily Ross Taylor (California, $1.95). Emphasizes the dominance of personalities and avoidance of issues and programs in political campaigning at the end of the Republic.

Miscellaneous

Why England Slept by John F. Kennedy (Dolphin, 95c). A Harvard honors essay of 1940, instructive as an explanation of Britain's military and psychological unpreparedness and as a youthful statement by the President.

The Second World War, Vols. 3 and 4, by Winston S. Churchill (Bantam, $1.25 ea.). *The Grand Alliance* and *The Hinge of Fate* uncut, stirring and uniquely revealing.

Operation Sea Lion: German Plans for the Invasion of England 1939-1942 (Oxford, $1.65). Divided interest, temporizing and miscalculation in Hitler's strategy, meticulously documented from German records.

White Settlers in Tropical Africa by Lewis H. Gann and Peter Duignan (Penguin, 95c). Analysis of forces and problems involved in stabilizing a biracial society, especially in East and Central Africa; sober and provocative.

Tropical Africa, Vol. 1, Land and Livelihood; Vol. 2, Society and Polity, by George H. T. Kimble (Anchor, $1.95 ea.). Condenses some and omits two chapters and numerous tables and illustrations of the Twentieth Century Fund edition but is still massive and highly useful. Also *White Nile* by Alan Moorehead (Dell, 75c). Lively, useful background.

Medicine and Society in America 1660-1860 by Richard Harrison Shryock (Cornell, $1.75). The development of various medical professions, but chiefly physicians, their art and science, their standards and status; comprehensive, illuminating, readable.

Anatomy of a Metropolis by Edgar M. Hoover and Raymond Vernon (Anchor, $1.45) and *The Newcomers: Negroes and Puerto Ricans in a Changing Metropolis* by Oscar Handlin (Anchor, $1.25). Vols. 1 and 3 of the exhaustive New York Metropolitan Area study examining characteristics and problems common to great American cities.

Byzantine Art by D. Talbot-Rice (Penguin, $1.95). An authoritative survey for general readers covering that fusion of Classic and Eastern styles which began about the fourth century and survived in Russia till Peter the Great; many excellent plates and drawings.

Studies in Iconology: Humanistic Themes in the Art of the Renaissance by Erwin Panofsky (Harper & Row, $2.25). One of the illuminating studies in the meaning and relevance of Renaissance art, lavishly illustrated and with a new preface in lieu of revisions.

Fiction Packet

The Moonlight by Joyce Cary (Anchor, $1.25). Tension and tragedy growing from varying standards of sex; a dissenting response to Tolstoy's *Kreuzer Sonata.*

Conversation in Sicily by Elio Vittorini (Penguin, 95c). A moving story of Fascist Italy.

Out of the Silent Planet, Perelandra and *That Hideous Strength* by C. S. Lewis (Collier, 95c, 95c, $1.50). Combined science fiction and adult fairy tale with moral and theological concerns in place of politics and technology.

Also: *The End of My Life* by Vance Bourjaily (Bantam, 50c). *The Gay Place* by William Brammer (Crest, 75c). *Alexander's Bridge* by Willa Cather (Bantam, 60c). *The Story of Gösta Berling* by Selma Lagerlöf (Signet, 75c). *Fables and Fairy Tales* by Leo Tolstoy (Signet, 60c). *Hornblower and the Atropos* by C. S. Forester (Bantam, 60c). *A Holiday for Murder (Murder for Christmas)* by Agatha Christie (Bantam, 40c).

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE MINOR genre of crime farce, which the French were exploiting so pleasantly a few years ago (*Rififi* was probably the masterpiece) seemed to be swept aside, at least among our imports, by the New Wave. It is revived in a mild way with *Money, Money, Money,* starring Jean Gabin.

The proprietor of a de luxe Paris brothel, whose premises have been shut by the postwar pruderies of the French state, decides to turn a much-needed penny by entering the less conspicuous field of counterfeiting. A neophyte, he lures back to Paris a retired master of the profession (Gabin, of course) who now raises trotting horses in South American retirement.

The wit of the picture rests in the imperturbable and omniscient style of M. Gabin's criminal operations, his offhand ability to outwit the police and his faithless and feckless allies. However, the picture lacks the hysterical pace that makes ingenious larceny so laughable. It is fun to watch Gabin being unflustered, but the absence of fluster does not in itself make the wheels spin.

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT'S approach to the screen is a whimsical self-indulgence made acceptable by a magnificent feel for the plastic form of the medium. In *Shoot the Piano Player,* produced after *The 400 Blows* and before *Jules and Jim,* the whimsy takes the form of telling a grim, if implausible, tale as though it were a lark. Handled straight, the yarn would be a maudlin melodrama; Truffaut's incongruous attack makes it an exhilarating mockery—but of what I am not certain.

He has constructed the picture as a vehicle for Charles Aznavour, a tight little man with an impressive gift for conveying his suppressed feelings. The film is so much a show case for Aznavour that at times the director seems to stand back in rapt admiration. It is a little disconcerting: actors should work at the trade of character, not preen the feathers of their virtuosity. However, the built-in applause freezes the action only occasionally; for the most part the film rushes through the chases and flashbacks of its violent plot—and with camera work of such dexterity as one rarely sees in these stolid days. I will not attempt to transcribe the story: it concerns jealousy, genius renounced, evil come home to roost; all in cap and bells.

THERE is a quality of amateurism about *War Hunt,* the film that Terry and Denis Sanders have made about the closing weeks of the Korean War. I don't entirely object to this—it lends the picture an unabashed earnestness, an openness and honesty of communication, that is often erased by more polished work. Watching the picture is a little like being talked at by good undergraduates. These people are not using anti-war as a device to stage another bloody thriller; they really hate war.

When the picture opens, the peace negotiations have been in session for months and the night patrols orient themselves by the pencil of light that stands as a beacon above Panmunjon. An officer explains that the fighting must continue in order to put pressure on the negotiators, but no one has much stomach for combat and none at all for heroism. There is one exception—a soldier who goes out night after night on his own, his face blackened and a knife at his belt. He kills in utter silence and in silence performs an eerie dance around his victims. This unnerving figure (his comrades are terrified of him) has adopted a Korean orphan whose mind he has pathetically filled with impossible dreams.

It is clear that the killer (John Saxon) is mad, and clear that everyone knows it. His captain keeps him in combat because he brings back invaluable intelligence from his nightly blood rites. Maybe, but the situation strikes me as a morbidly romantic focus for an otherwise honorable attempt to show what that sorriest of wars was like. It is not on the face of it likely that an insane boy would survive many forays into no-man's-land, and the somewhat gulping behavior of the actors in the plot scenes does little to make the unlikely at least plausible.

What is plausible, what must have been built up by men who were there and have accurate memories, is the way soldiers move and talk when they know they will soon be risking their lives and when presently they find themselves doing so. There is a scene of passive torment under bombardment that is as eloquent a description of what flesh and mind suffer in battle as I have ever seen. For all its obvious shortcomings, the picture gives off the authentic rank smell of war—what we now call a brushfire, or non-nuclear war; the kind we pray we can be satisfied with in the future.

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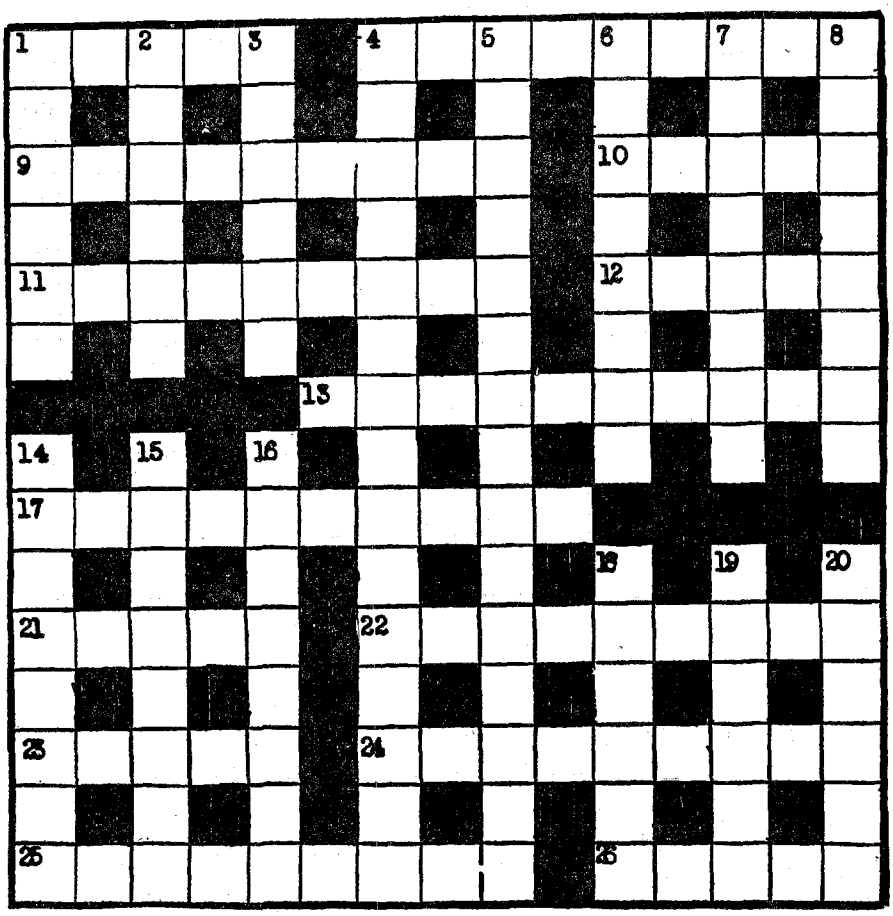
Crossword Puzzle No. 973

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where to look for mongrel characteristics to bring upon oneself. (5)
4 Are the plumpest turkeys so dressed? (3, 2, 4)
9 Fashionable money center, by the sound of it. (9)
10 To picture this without true makeup is subject for discussion. (5)
11 It makes a thin PHD go crazy with the composite sound. (9)
12 There's at least one animal in the city! (5)
13 The sentry is troubled about his injured chin—it might prove fatal. (9)
17 Certainly not a very out-going personality. (4-2-4)
21 One of those topless things of the Latin version of 12? (5)
22 A regular conclusion to quarter a movement that doesn't move so fast. (9)
23 Bulwer Lytton implied curses come home to it. (5)
24 Long since rebuilt with the surrounding. (9)
25 Prosaic? An arrangement such as this would be more like fancy dress. (9)
26 Championship? Right! (5)

DOWN:

1 It seems as though a lover of Zeus departed this world (though obviously worth her salt). (6)
2 Makes one's style more conservative? (6)
3 About old soldiers' facings? (6)
4 Not retiring places for dismissed soldiers. (7, 8)
5 What Grey saw vanishing is currently not so pretty. (3, 4, 8)
6 Left in? Otherwise, otherwise! (8)
7 Is the devil permitted to be so unreserved? (8)
8 Grants. (8)
14 Rather secret and confidential coteries. (8)
15 Military circle, by the sound of it. (3, 5)
16 Teller, in a way. (8)
18 The one of war was brazen, according to Milton. (6)
19 Such confidence is absolute, perfect, and complete. (6)
20 One shouldn't so stare at a giant with a broken leg. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 972

ACROSS: 1 Bothwell; 10 Relines; 11 Average; 12 Assam; 13 Orleanist; 14 Local; 16 Strutted; 19 Inkstand; 22 Easel; 24 and 5 The Biglow Papers; 26 Llama; 29 Georgia; 30 Elders; 31 Grayness. DOWN: 1, 28 and 9 Barnacle Bill the Sailor; 2 Tilts; 3 Windmills; 4 Lessons; 6 Areca; 7 Examiners; 8 Smelts; 15 Congealed; 17 and 27 The Bloody Angle; 18 Almanacs; 20 Asleep; 21 Dowager; 23 Stable; 25 Inter.

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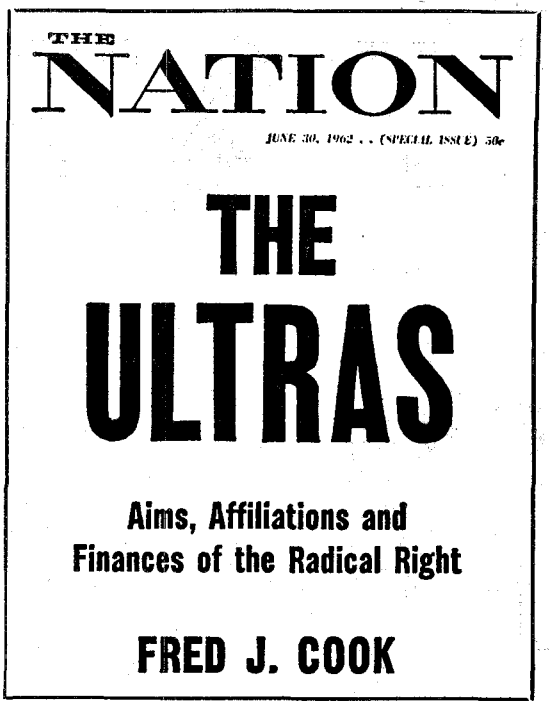

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